

Winthrop's Sweetheart.

By JOHN HARWOOD BACON.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
No one but Mrs. Wiggins' boarding house—no one but Mrs. Porter, that is—would have called Winthrop sentimental. Mrs. Porter was a widow, and observant.

As rapidly as decency permitted, Winthrop finished his first meal, and begged to be excused, thus allowing discussion to begin without delay.

"What's his name, did you say?" whispered Mrs. Wiggins promptly.

"His card read 'Mr. Arthur Allen Winthrop,' vouchsafed the precise Mrs. Wiggins. 'He's from St. Paul, or Denver.'

"He's good looking," remarked Miss Prudence Brown. "How old is he?"

"I should say," temporized Mrs. Wiggins, "oh, about—"

"Leave the room—he's thirty-five!" declared Mrs. Wiggins, impatiently. The problem solved to her satisfaction, she turned to new channels.

"Did you notice his hands?" she inquired.

"Little Mrs. Porter, demure and altogether widowlike, listened and formed her own conclusions.

At dinner, Winthrop's status settled—was resolved into full membership, with the privilege of criticizing any new boarder who might thereafter appear. He was a tall, broad-shouldered chap with a pleasant manner, and the impression made was favorable.

It was subject for comment, however, that he seldom remained on the veranda after dinner.

"You hurry away as if you dislike us!" complained Mrs. Wiggins.

"I've some letters to write," she explained.

Mrs. Wiggins rose to the occasion.

"You're unsociable," she averred. "Perhaps," she tutted, "you're in love."

"Oh, fitted," suggested Mrs. Wiggins. Winthrop laughed good-naturedly, but the corner of a rather firm mouth drooped in a manner which an observant widow deemed significant. "It's the truth," she murmured.

From the outset Mrs. Porter's attitude was one of cordial friendship.

"I began," she began, "with her confidential diagnosis, and straightaway she determined upon a course of treatment."

"You'll not run away to-night," she informed him, in an agreeable undertone, when first they chanced to reach the porch alone. "You'll stay and play with me."

Most inviting was Mrs. Porter in her fluffy white organdie with its tiny black bows; but Winthrop hesitated.

"I can't," he began, "glibly. I've a—"

"I know," quickly, "some letters, and a business engagement, and—loads of things! But, please—her tone changed to persuasive pleading—"let a little time to-night. Don't you see I understand—"

"I know all about it!"

"About what?" uneasily.

"You and her—and everything. You can't brood—it won't help a bit!"

"But I assure you," he protested, "I give you my word—"

"Don't perjure away your immortal soul she laughed. "Not with decision, we'll walk to the lake, and I'll give you my sympathy and motherly advice."

"The flush was evidence of guilt.

"When may we start?" he asked.

"At once!" smiled Mrs. Porter, "and now," as they strolled away, "tell me everything, from the very beginning."

"Do you know," he remarked, irritably, the following evening, "it was ridiculous of me to talk as I did last night."

"It isn't," she began, "glibly. I've a—"

"I know," quickly, "some letters, and a business engagement, and—loads of things! But, please—her tone changed to persuasive pleading—"let a little time to-night. Don't you see I understand—"

"I know all about it!"

"About what?" uneasily.

"You and her—and everything. You can't brood—it won't help a bit!"

"But I assure you," he protested, "I give you my word—"

"Don't perjure away your immortal soul she laughed. "Not with decision, we'll walk to the lake, and I'll give you my sympathy and motherly advice."

"The flush was evidence of guilt.

"When may we start?" he asked.

"At once!" smiled Mrs. Porter, "and now," as they strolled away, "tell me everything, from the very beginning."

"Do you know," he remarked, irritably, the following evening, "it was ridiculous of me to talk as I did last night."

"It isn't," she began, "glibly. I've a—"

"I know," quickly, "some letters, and a business engagement, and—loads of things! But, please—her tone changed to persuasive pleading—"let a little time to-night. Don't you see I understand—"

"I know all about it!"

"About what?" uneasily.

"You and her—and everything. You can't brood—it won't help a bit!"

"But I assure you," he protested, "I give you my word—"

"Don't perjure away your immortal soul she laughed. "Not with decision, we'll walk to the lake, and I'll give you my sympathy and motherly advice."

"The flush was evidence of guilt.

"When may we start?" he asked.

"At once!" smiled Mrs. Porter, "and now," as they strolled away, "tell me everything, from the very beginning."

"Do you know," he remarked, irritably, the following evening, "it was ridiculous of me to talk as I did last night."

"It isn't," she began, "glibly. I've a—"

"I know," quickly, "some letters, and a business engagement, and—loads of things! But, please—her tone changed to persuasive pleading—"let a little time to-night. Don't you see I understand—"

"I know all about it!"

"About what?" uneasily.

"You and her—and everything. You can't brood—it won't help a bit!"

"But I assure you," he protested, "I give you my word—"

The reductions will in no wise affect our liberal credit terms. We are after records in 1906, nothing less than one hundred per cent. increase will suit us. We appreciate that heroic means are necessary to accomplish such growth, but we are ready to make sacrifices in the interest of business building.

Open An Account With Us.

To-Morrow We Start Our Annual Clearance Sale



The policy of this Store to let each season take care of itself, and the policy shall be enforced even more strenuously than ever before—all Furniture, all Floor Coverings, all Wearing Apparel included. The best merchants in the land have learned the value of closing out at the end of each season. What we lose by the sacrifice is more than made up in the reputation of having new goods for each new season.

If you have been waiting for bargain sales, wait no longer. Richmond's banner event starts to-morrow. We have cut off 10 per cent., 20 per cent., 30 per cent., and 40 per cent. We want empty shelves, empty counters, empty racks, and we are willing to pay well for the assistance.

Remember, Your Credit Is Good

Carpets.

Whether for a single room, for a hotel, for a block—whether for present or for future needs, it will pay to buy Floor Coverings now. Best to bring the measurement of your room or rooms, for there are patterns here in limited quantities only, at such matchlessly low prices that it is wise to be prepared to say, "I will take it."

Lots of remnants Wilton Velvet, Brussels, etc., running from 10 to 30 yards in each. Pick them out—we'll cut them all, or as much of the remnant as you wish at, per yard, 57 1-2c.

\$1.75 Royal Axminster Carpet, in scores of handsome designs, are reduced to \$1.35

\$1.50 extra quality Wilton Velvet, in most attractive patterns and colorings, for \$1.20.

\$1.00 Brussels Carpet, a limitless supply of patterns and handsome colorings in the sale, at 77 1-2c.

Royal Axminster Rugs, six feet long by three feet wide, in the sale at \$3.25.

40c Oldcloth for kitchen and bathroom, the most pleasing patterns, for 25c.

60c and 75c Linoleum, including the newest designs, such as Parquet, Flooring, Tile and Floral effects, reduced to 55c.

A Few Samples of Underselling in the Furniture Department.



China Closets, less elaborate, still very complete and handsome, worth \$20, reduced to

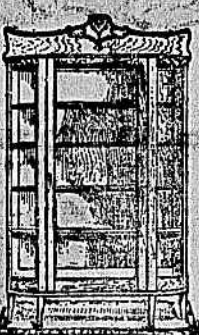
\$14.50

A Dozen or More Chiffoniers that sold at \$6.00 or \$7.50, reduced to

\$4.45

A line of very elegant Dining Room Chairs that we have sold at \$2.25 or thereabouts, are going into this sale at

\$1.75



This Bedroom Suit

Beautifully flaked, solid golden oak, quarter-sawn and polished, with massive head and foot roll, which you can hardly distinguish in such a small illustration. A magnificent \$75.00 suit reduced to

\$57.50

Sketches Here and There Tales of Town and State

Readers of These Tales and Reminiscences Are Cordially Invited to Contribute Their Own. Address TALES, Times-Dispatch.

Abuse of the Word "Actress."

"The abuse of the word 'actress' is almost universal," said an observing friend of the Man of the Street, "and the abuse is regrettable because of a veritable amount of odium it necessarily causes to cling to the skirts of most reputable women. It is the papers that are largely responsible for this, and I cannot understand why it is that no differentiation between actresses and women generally who may chance to be employed in the show business occurs to the minds of the men who make the mistake. If a chorus girl falls from grace, she is called with a great flaunting of the term an 'actress,' when, as a matter of fact, by no stretch of the imagination, does she come anywhere near that designation. If a super woman, or 'extra lady,' as they are often termed, is hauled before a police court for some breach of the public peace, instantly the police reporter jumps to the word that an 'actress' has committed a misdemeanor."

"Every woman connected with the theatre, circus or elsewhere becomes an 'actress' to the recorder of events in which she may figure, no matter how, and it is not right that this should be so. An actress is a woman who plays a speaking part in a dramatic or legitimate comedy production, and none other is entitled to wear the title."

"In designating men of the show business the distinction as regards the character of their connection is usually drawn. A man is an actor if he acts a part; he is a singer if he sings one; he is a burlesquer, a comedian, a chorus man, a super or a stage hand. The line is generally drawn between them, but all the women of the stage, whether they are vaudeville performers, trapeze artists, wardrobe women, chorus girls or super women are generally bunched under the one heading, 'actress.' I venture to suggest that if the average reporter were as careful with his distinction among the women as he is among the men, less 'actresses' would be found figuring in divorce suits and other occasions of notoriety than is now the case."

"Some time ago I made an investigation of such records of last year that I

could conveniently secure, and found that twelve women who had been arrested on various charges in a city not two hundred miles from Richmond—three who had figured in divorces and five who had been concerned in 'elopements' or other scandals were called 'actresses.' Of these twelve not one was that. Eleven out of the total had no connection with the theatrical profession at all, and had merely been chorus girls or supers for a short period at some time in the past, while of the balance, one was a singer in the cheapest variety theatres."

Not All From the Country.

"You would be surprised," said a veteran hotel clerk, who has held positions in several of the large hotels in Washington, and is now on a visit to friends in Richmond, to the Man of the Street, "to know what green specimens we run up against in my business sometimes. You would think that the average city man would be thoroughly familiar with the ordinary customs of a hotel, but now and then questions that make us stand and wonder are asked us by guests who have every appearance of being sophisticated."

"The other day a well-dressed man came in and registered. We gave him a good room and did not hear from him until the next morning. He came down to the desk, fooled around a minute or two, and then leaned over and asked me in a confidential tone if guests had to register every morning. One time, several years ago, when I was at work at another hotel, the most peculiar incident of this sort that I ever heard of happened. As I came on one morning at 8 o'clock one of the bell boys came to the desk and told me he had found a man sitting on the stairway, who wanted to see me. I went around and found a man who had registered from Philadelphia, sitting on the bottom steps of the flight between the second and third stories of the hotel."

"I wish you would show me how to get out here," he said. "I walked down three flights, but I can't get any further."

"The stairway ran down around the elevator well, which was enclosed, and when he got down to the second floor he found the shape of the hall in front of him was different from that of those on the upper floors, and he thought he

had reached the jumping-off place. As the elevator could not be seen going up and down he thought he was fastened in."

"The feature of American life that I took longest for me to accustom myself to," said a German who has been over for some years, "is the wearing of underclothes. That may sound rather queerly to you, but abroad, or, at any rate, in my part of Germany, we do not wear underclothes at all. I had never heard of such garments when I landed, and I went on happy in my ignorance until my landlady asked me why I never had any in the wash. I did not know the meaning of the word and simply laughed, but she insisted that all Americans had to wear them, and so I bought some. The first day that I wore them was one of agony. I felt that I was in a vise—I think I bought them too small—and hastened home to get free. I tried wearing them on alternate days, but it was not until cold weather that I could really have any peace with the extra clothing. Even now I am not quite at home, and I must say that I do not approve of them, even though I

they are cleanly and all that."

"It is a mistake to presume that tobacco has any sort of an effect on the brain," said one of the Richmond physicians to the Man of the Street, "because it has not, nor does it help increase the activity of the system, as many suppose, except in the most transitory sense. The weed has a temporary soothing effect on the nerves, but like anything that is soothing, if taken in large enough quantities will render the person stupid. Acting on the nerves, it acts on the spinal column as well, and in this way may come about an apparently stimulating effect on the brain, but, as a matter of absolute fact, this is more apparent than real, though as more tobacco is consumed the soothing stage will soon pass into that of a stupefying character, and as this sweeps over the system gradually the brain will grow dull and stupid as a consequence, in sympathy. The inveterate consumer of tobacco, therefore, is never as bright or alert as the man who does not use it at all, because of its marked narcotic effect when used in large quantities."

THE MAN OF THE STREET.

Useful Xmas Presents

Rodgers 1847 Silverware, Handsome Carving Sets, Gillette, Zinn, Star and Gem Safety Razors, Ice Skates, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Shears, etc. All of these in endless variety at

Baldwin & Brown,

Opposite Old Market. Hardware, Roofing, Lime, Etc.

Special Xmas Sale!!

Toys, Dolls, Fancy China, etc. See Our 5c, 10c, and 25c Counters.

John H. Rose & Co.,

Phone 511 1427 E. Main Street.

Repairing of Plumbing, Tinning and Stoves a Specialty.

A Telephone In Your Office

will enable you to transact the greater part of your business without leaving your desk. It saves time and money. Try it. Our rates are reasonable.

Call telephone No. 3011.

Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co.

711 E. Grace St.

Southern Contracting Company.

64 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.

Asphalt, Brick and Macadam Paving,

Cement and Mastic Floors,

Water and Sewer Systems,

Concrete Foundations,

Fireproofing.

We guarantee your cellar water-tight.

WM. PANNILL,

General Manager.

CANCER HOSPITAL.

We want every man and woman in the United States to know what we are doing. We are curing cancers, tumors and chronic sores without the use of the knife, and are endorsed by the Senate and Legislature of Virginia. If you are seeking a cure, come here and you will get it. We guarantee our cures.

The Kellam Cancer Hospital.

RICHMOND, VA.